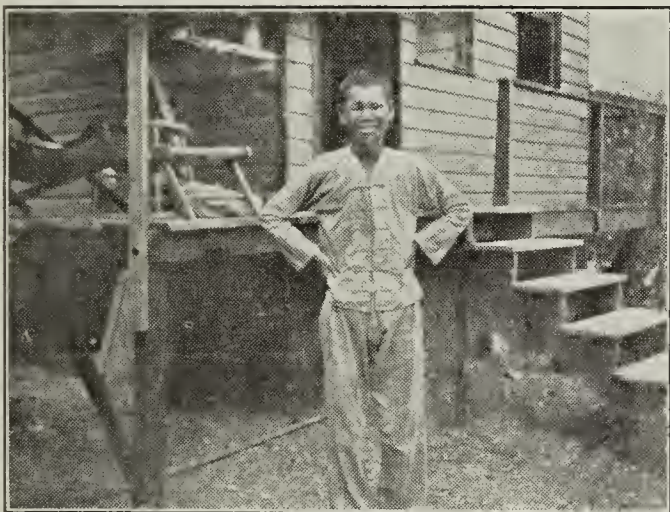


The Chinese-American Leper Mock=Sen



GREETING A FRIENDLY CALLER

In his tiny cottage of two rooms, separated from all the world, Mock Sen had lived in the bitterness of loneliness and depression until the great day when he learned that another human being was greeting him with a heart interest in himself and not from curiosity.

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Courtesy of the Sunday School Times.]

The Story of Mock Sen, the Chinese-American Leper.

ELEANOR HERR BOYD,
Harrisburg, Pa.

Leper

Discovered

I first read in the papers that a leper had been discovered in a Chinese Restaurant in Harrisburg, putting the Health Board to an infinite amount of trouble in the disposition of him. After repeated efforts to shift the responsibility, care and expense upon Baltimore and other nearby or far off places, the authorities decided that a leper discovered in Harrisburg by the Harrisburg physicians, was not only entitled to Harrisburg care, but that Harrisburg was compelled to provide for him.

An effort was made to ship him home, that he might go to a leper colony there, but no railroad would transport him, even if we bought the box car in which he rode, and burned it afterward, nor would any ship take him home nor any institution receive him. Unclean, every man's hand was against him.

A small frame building consisting of two tiny rooms, one for living and cooking purposes, the other for sleeping having a tinier porch in front, and all high off the ground for sanitary reasons, was erected for him in the grounds of the Sanitary Hospital, three miles outside of the city, with a lamp-post to give light by night, and with watchmen to keep

guard by day and by night, the poor young fellow, only 23 years of age, was forever isolated from his world, his friends, his pleasures and his occupations.

When I first saw him he was doing nothing—he had nothing to do. Passing the little house every day led me to ask the keeper if he could read English, and would not like magazines and books sent him.

The day guard, a kindly fellow, said that while he could not read English very well, he thought pictures would amuse him, and asked if I would be willing to speak a few words to him—he seemed so dreadfully lonely and depressed.

Did I shrink from coming so close to a leper? Many have asked me since. I don't remember now. I expect I did. But it seemed cruel to turn away after being asked to render help, and my friendship began from that day.

He was

Suspicious

The keeper called him out and my heart sank when I saw him. He had a very repulsive appearance, small body, sullen face badly scarred, and a repellant manner. At first he would hardly answer my inquiries as to his health, his needs, his wants, etc., although I could see that he understood me pretty well. Evidently, he had very little confidence in any real interest in him. Curiosity he resented, and rightly. Genuine interest he had no belief in, and why should he? No one had ever shown it.

However, I found that he had nothing with which to pass the time except the preparation of his meals, which he did for himself. His supplies were good and sufficient and were

brought to him by his guards and this made for him the event of each day.

His cooking was his profession. I presume he lived like a king off what he had, but he often longed for delicacies, and these his two guards supplied out of their own pockets many times or begged for him from their friends.

From our first interview with him, we kept him supplied with illustrated magazines, the pictures of which soon went to adorn his bare walls. Games requiring strength, such as batting a ball against the wall of his house, pitching quoits, etc., were soon too exhausting for him. But he never tired of reading, and after subscribing for a weekly Chinese paper, *The Chinese Weekly Herald*, published in New York City, he never complained of being lonely again.

If, as once or twice happened, the little sheet failed to put in its appearance on the regular day, there was no peace for the guard until he telephoned to me and we had telegraphed to New York and got the paper started on its way again.

Probably the best thing we ever did for him was to secure a copy of the New Testament in his own dialect, and this book was his whole Chinese library, and who will say that it was not sufficient for any man? It was for Mock Sen, I know.

The first visit, in July, 1907, multiplied itself into a weekly one, and never in this world will any one receive a warmer welcome or see a poor scarred face light up more at one's coming than did this poor leper's when he would hear the "Good morning, Mock. How are you.

today?" The answer varied, but the welcome, never.

Of course, we couldn't shake hands, that would have been dangerous, but it was no lack in Mock's life, for the Chinese never do shake hands as we do. They shake their own hands and a very good way it is, too. So Mock would clasp his hands and shake them in welcome and I would clasp mine and return the salute, and we were just as happy as if we had wrung each other's hands as vigorous Americans love to do.

A True

Gentleman

As winter passed, we found there was a secret longing in Mock's bosom which he hesitated to express, true gentleman that he was. To the guard, he said, "So muchie done for him, he no likee askee more." But the guard discovered that his soul, or perhaps to be honest, I should say his stomach, longed for his native vegetables.

Mock wanted not our seeds but his own home garden seeds, to raise his own beloved delicious Chinese vegetables during the coming summer.

And we got them for him through his Chinese restaurant friends, who willingly secured the seeds and sent them to him.

Mock had the finest Chinese vegetables ever raised on American soil, and not only had enough for himself all summer, but canned enough for himself all winter,

I like to think of his happy face, the perspiration running down it, as he toiled in the heat of his little garden.

Too weak to do much at a time, the faithful guard broke the heavy ground for him, fenced

the plot from marauding animals and lightened the labor as much as possible, and will this cup of cold water go unrewarded, think you? Nay, verily, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these."

And then, Mock's ducks. My, my, what pleasure he had in his flock of little yellow ducklings. The guard again gave him the eggs and the mother duck, and Mock tended them and trained them, so that at his call they would waddle down the path from their door to his, to eat their food from his hands. Think of it, ducks the only living things not afraid of the touch of a leper's hands!

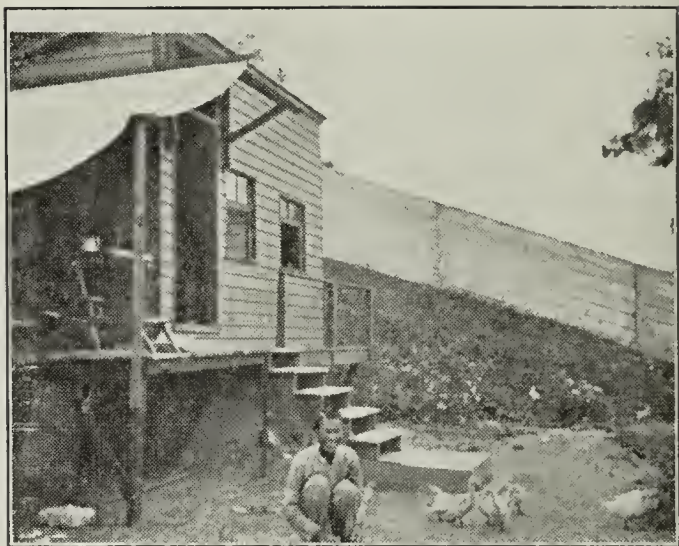
Ducks Not Afraid

Well, Mock loved them, and many a good meal he denied himself because of his dislike of killing them, but he couldn't keep them all until they were old, so one by one they disappeared and the last of the flock were dried and pressed for winter use, as you see them dressed and hanging in festoons in front of the grocery shops in China Town.

Mock's first Christmas was a memorable one, and the joy of it went through the entire year.

A tree was trimmed and sent out the day before and placed lighted on the porch before the window of his little living room, so that when he was called Christmas morning, the first thing that met his astonished gaze was the fairy tree all shimmering and glowing in the snow and starlight, for he was called about five o'clock in the morning, the guard being eager as any child to see what Mock would think about it.

Well, in his pigeon English, Mock couldn't



THE TREASURED DUCKS

The only living things not afraid of the touch of the young leper were the flock of ducks that Mock had trained to waddle down the path at his call and eat their food from his hands.

tell us all he did think about it. But we knew. He clapped his hands for joy; laughed and cried, chattered and fairly danced with joy and all year talked of the coming Christmas when he should have another Christmas tree as big and bright as this one. Then the stocking—for Mock had a stocking, although there was no fire place by which to hang it. As Santa did not forget the tree, neither did he forget the stocking, although he had to go to China to procure most of the things.

Chinese cups and saucers, fans, silk handkerchiefs, tea, nuts, raisins, fruits, bulbs and things we never knew the names or use of, but Mock knew, and every new package brought a wider smile on the poor, scarred face.

A warm blue sweater went on immediately and when we made our next visit, it was a proud boy who displayed his comforts and luxuries to our admiring eyes. That none are too poor to help some one poorer, was illustrated by the fact that one of Mock's Christmas presents was a pair of Chinese straw sandals given by the poorest class of Italian children in a New York Kindergarten. They had heard of Mock through their teacher, a friend of mine, and offered their pennies for this cause. Mock wore the sandals out, but the kindness of the deed will never wear out.

And Mock knew, now, what Christmas meant, and who was the giver of every good and perfect gift—for Mock had been converted and accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

Before his sickness, he had attended a Sunday School class for Chinese in the Market Square Presbyterian Church and had heard of the plan of salvation.

In his Chinese Testament, he had learned more, and in our talks and prayers with him, he had professed to giving up his old idols and accepting Jesus as offered to him in the Gospels.

This confession he made publicly and was baptized and received into the membership of the Church of God. A framed certificate of this fact was hung in the Sunday School room of that Church, and there Mock Sen's name is to this day as a member of Christ's Church on earth.

A New Heart

The change it made in his life was shown in many little ways. Always high tempered and inclined to be sullen, he learned to

control himself and became interested and happy in his life—smiling more often than scowling, until too weak to either smile or scowl any longer.

The sincerity of his repentance was testified to by his guard who told me the following incident: One day when something had gone wrong, Mock cursed the guard as of old, until he suddenly remembered the sin of it. When he said, "Me solly, no talkee so any more, you scusie me." "You needn't ask me to forgive you, Mock, you know whom you must tell that to," said the guard. "That so," said Mock, and went into his room.

Then the guard peeping through the window, saw Mock on his knees, making his peace with God.

Dr. Fulton, the well-known missionary from China, came to Harrisburg about this time and was taken out to see Mock for several reasons.

First, we wished to know whether he really had Leprosy or not, and knew Dr. Fulton was familiar with every form of it in China.

Second, we wanted to know whether Mock understood the way of salvation, our limited conversation making it a little doubtful in our own minds.

Third, we wished some one from his homeland to see him, that he might send word back to those he knew there, if that were possible.

Mother's Death

Dr. Fulton seemed providentially sent just in time to help decide all these things. He found that he knew Mock's family, or clan, or whatever they call it in China and had been in the part of the country from which he had come and he brought him news of his people,

particularly that his old mother had passed away since Mock had left China. This was a blow to poor Mock, but he was glad to hear even the sad facts given him and of those whom he had left behind.

That he had Leprosy, Dr. Fulton said there was no doubt, but it was the tuberculosis which was weakening him and which would finally cause his death.

The Scriptures, he had read intelligently, for the doctor discovered that he had had a good education in China, and was what we would call in this country, a college fellow.

That he had been converted, there was also no doubt in the doctor's mind, as he had entirely repudiated the old religion and was depending for his salvation solely upon the death of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Later, Dr. James B. Neal of China, also visited him, but his dialect being quite different from Mock's, the visit was not so satisfactory as Dr. Fulton's, and we have always been thankful that Dr. Fulton came when he did, for Mock died soon after, and the doctor's visit was a great comfort to him.

As the second Christmas drew near, Mock grew rapidly weaker. One Sunday, we were sent for as Mock was much worse, and it was thought he could not live.

The End Near

He could not walk now, the meals were cooked and laid at his door. He crawled to them, eating very, very little of even the tempting things the guard and his good wife prepared for him, but his smile still came when I stood in the doorway and shook my hands in token of greeting. We talked about his going,

and he asked that he might be laid in the green fields he could see from his doorway, and that I would not forget him, but see that his grave was well cared for, a great desire always with the Chinese, and that he should be given decent burial. I promised to do all in my power to carry out his last requests, and then we talked of the home going and the vision of the Saviour and the mother he felt confident he would find waiting for him, and we prayed and sang and then he said,—“But maybe me live for Christmas. Me wishee see Christmas tree again.”

His daily talk, the guard told me, was all of the glittering tree. No child ever yearned for fairyland as Mock yearned for his fairy or heavenly tree as I believe it seemed to him.

Like his new religion, which had brought joy and brightness into his dark soul, so the tree symbol of the new religion shone in his dark life and his eyes longed for another sight of it.

As my Christmas had to be spent with my family in the South, I was obliged to leave Mock, hoping and praying he might live until my return, and sorely tempted to send the tree a week ahead of time, but Mock knew the days and was counting them until Christmas should dawn, and I believe the anticipation of the tree kept his heart happy and his days free from too much suffering; who knows?

I left it all planned for, the tree and the ornaments, the stocking and the gifts, and my faithful butler, who has been Santa Claus, fairy godfather and ministering angel to all ages and classes and kinds of needy ones, was to take it out the day before and leave it with

the guard to be lighted by him Christmas morning.

The Last of Mock

They told me of it afterwards. The guard had suggested to Mock that since I was away, there might be no tree this year, but the loyal soul knew better than that and said, "Missie B., she sends tree, see," and so he sat in a corner of his room, too sick to lie down, gasping for breath, waiting, waiting for his tree, and while he waited some one touched him on his shoulder, saying, "Come, I will show you the tree of life planted by the river of the water of Life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations," and Mock's Christmas had begun.

In the meantime, two men were driving rapidly along the road in a small wagon, and one carried a trimmed Christmas tree.

They drew up at the gate of the enclosure around the Sanitary hospital and the man with the tree got down carefully and carried it in.

He went toward the guard house, everything was quiet. No guard answered to his call, but in a moment he saw him approaching from the little house on the side of the hill, the tears running down his face.

"He has gone," was all he could say, "He'll never see his tree now and he wanted it so badly." But was it too late? Didn't he see it? Who knows God's plans. Hope had kept heart in him and he saw brighter things now than tinsel or brass.

They gave my leper Christian burial. The same minister who baptized him, buried him, but it could not be in the bright, green cemetery, as he so much wished. The authorities

would not permit it, only a plot in the potter's field could be allotted him.

But the shining tree was placed 'at his head for his tombstone and an evergreen covering of myrtle planted on his grave, and Christmas and Decoration Day find Mock Sen, the Chinese Leper, remembered with flowers, as other loved dead are, and we have not yet abandoned hope that some day permission may be gained to move his dust into God's Acre, where he wanted to be.

He was only a poor, outcast leper, but he had a heart and soul that responded to love and the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and every one of his brothers and sisters in suffering has the same, and need the same comforts and help. May we feel the blessed privilege of ministering to just such of God's needy ones, and even if we never see them in the flesh here, be sure their smiles will welcome us there and add to the joy of our home coming and give us a right to eat of the Tree of Life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

ADDENDUM.

The creditable spirit shown toward this poor Chinese-American Leper is in strange contrast to the treatment accorded Oriental Lepers. For these latter, The Mission to Lepers is working in co-operation with the Protestant Churches of the world through practically all the American and European Foreign Mission Boards.

Twenty-seven Mission Stations for Lepers are presided over by Missionaries who have gone out from the United States to this im-

portant task; and for work in these Stations last year more than \$37,000.00 was expended by the Mission. For 1914 the need for these Stations alone will be at least \$43,800.00. This will be Five Dollars per hour (day and night) for the whole year. Or, in other words a dollar every twelve minutes.

THE MISSION TO LEPERS is now responsible for the maintenance of

52 ASYLUMS FOR LEPERS in China, Ceylon, India, Burma, Japan, Siam, the Philippine Islands and Korea, and of

27 HOMES FOR UNTAINTED CHILDREN of leprous parents.

30 OTHER STATIONS are aided by grants of funds, by Christian teaching, or by support of Lepers.

THEIR NEEDS ARE:

SHELTER—for they are outcasts;

FOOD—for they are often starving;

MEDICAL TREATMENT—for the alleviation of their suffering; and

CHRISTIAN TEACHING AND SYMPATHY—for they are of all men the most miserable.

For further particulars, or in sending contributions, address any representative of the Committee for the United States or an officer of a local auxiliary.

WM. JAY SCHIEFFELIN, *Chairman*

170 William Street, New York

W. M. DANNER, *Secretary*

105 Raymond Street, Cambridge, Mass.

FLEMING H. REVELL, *Treasurer*

158 Fifth Avenue, New York

MISS BERTHA G. JOHNSON, *Field Secretary*

816 East 51st Street, Chicago, Ill.

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The Committee for the United States asks the support and aid of its friends to secure not less than \$43,800 per year as America's share to continue the work of these asylums, conducted under the direction of The Mission to Lepers.

Is there a paper published in the interest of "Work Among Lepers"?

Yes, "Without the Camp," quarterly publication, 25 cents per year, postpaid. This is the organ of the Mission, is well illustrated and full of interesting and inspiring incidents.

Contributions for the work or subscriptions for "The Camp" may be sent to an officer of any local auxiliary, or one of the U. S. A. Committee Officers.

W. M. DANNER, Secretary,
105 Raymond Street **Cambridge, Mass**

Field Secretary
MISS BERTHA G. JOHNSON
816 East 51st Street, Chicago, Ill